

# THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1951



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## SEAFORTH AVENUE, MONTREAL



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J. H. VALE, Esq.



MISS JANET INGHAM . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

Games Captain . . . . . EFA HEWARD

## VALERIE TRUUMAN

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FIFTY-ONE



Lunch Hour

# TEACHING STAFF

*Head Mistress : Miss MARY G. HARVEY, B.A., A.M.*  
 McGill University and Radcliffe College



Miss R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music	<i>Singing</i>
Miss VERA CROOK, B.A. (Manchester) Teacher's Diploma, Manc.	<i>English</i>
Mrs. J. G. DESTERNES B. of Ed. Certificate (Portsmouth Training College, University of Reading) M.R.S.T.	<i>French</i>
Miss JOAN M. DURSTON, Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union	<i>Senior Mistress, Lower School</i>
Mme GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille	<i>French</i>
Mrs. AMY GENGE-ANDREWS Nova Scotia Primary Certificate	<i>Lower A</i>
Miss ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University	<i>Geography</i>
Miss ANNE HORSFALL, B.A. (Oxon)	<i>Science</i>
Miss WINIFRED G. INDGE Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union	<i>Lower III</i>
Miss MARGARET KING National Froebel Foundation Teaching Diploma	<i>Upper B</i>
Miss SAIDE M. MACDONALD, B.Sc., B.Ed., Acadia University.	<i>Mathematics</i>
Miss M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Classics</i>
Miss D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education	<i>Drill, Dancing &amp; Games</i>
Mrs. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>Mathematics</i>
Miss ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters	<i>Art</i>
Miss JESSIE SHEPPARD, B.A. Dalhousie University	<i>History</i>
Miss MARJORIE B. WRAY National Froebel Foundation Teaching Diploma	<i>Lower B</i>



EDITOR  
GAYLE CALDER

Art Editor  
BEVERLY MELLEN

Business Manager  
SHEILA WHITE

ASSISTANTS  
EFA HEWARD, MARY STAVERT, JUDY THOMAS, PAT IRVINE,  
VALERIE TRUEMAN, DIANA GAHERTY.



## EDITORIAL

With the same fresh outlook as those Sixth Formers of ten years ago, we face the future. If that same Sixth Form were to sit once again in their form room, hiding the occasional yawn while struggling with algebra problems, their long legs stretching into the aisles, and if we were to quietly peer in on them, we would find that there was little difference between them and ourselves. However, if we stayed a little longer and heard them discussing their plans for the future, we would find that *there* lies the big difference. The tall redhaired girl sitting in the back seat says to her classmates, "What are you planning to do next winter?" "Why! Go to college of course!" comes back a chorus of replies. The world has changed between their time and ours. At the end of the Second World War many new fields were opened to women, making college no longer the sole aim of a Sixth Former. If that tall redheaded girl and her friends were to listen to us in our after-school discussions, they would be amazed to hear that not only college but also nursing, physiotherapy, social service and many others were the vocations under our consideration. During the next ten years, if we were to come back to The Study, would we, too, find such vast differences?



## STAFF NOTES

This year the school lost one of its most popular mistresses when Miss Bricker left after having been with us for two years. She is now secretary in the Toronto office of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Miss Sheppard is taking Miss Bricker's place and we enjoy very much working with her.

Miss MacDonald of whom we were all very fond, met with an unfortunate motor accident at Christmas, which prevented her from returning to the School. We are delighted that she has recovered well and has just been married. We all send her our very best wishes. We are fortunate to have Mrs. Reiffenstein to take Miss MacDonald's place. We hope that she enjoys being with us.

In the Lower School, Miss King has had charge this year of Upper B. We understand that she does not intend to remain long in Canada but we hope that she has enjoyed her year at The Study.

MARY STAVERT —VI

## UPPER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

### Mu Gamma

Gayle Calder, *Head*  
 Sheila White, *Sub-Head*  
 Diana Harrison, *Games*  
 Ann Ballantyne  
 Susan Blaylock  
 Linda Coristine  
 Gail Daley  
 Judy Darling  
 Mary Darling  
 Judith Dobell  
 Joan Evans  
 Lynn Evans  
 Carol Grimsgaard  
 Elizabeth Hague  
 Beverley Hastings  
 Cynthia Hutchins  
 Connie L'Anglais  
 Marguerite L'Anglais  
 Mary McEachran  
 Elspeth McGreevy  
 Judith McGreevy  
 Dorothy McIntosh  
 Sally Parsons  
 Bridget Pyke  
 Angela Rose  
 Jennifer Rose  
 Pearl Sperber  
 Wendy Stevenson  
 Elizabeth Vale  
 Sandra Wallis

### Kappa Rho

Mary Stavert, *Head*  
 Beverly Mellen, *Sub-Head*  
 Dorothy Johnson, *Games*  
 Joyce Blond  
 Barbara Brown  
 Jeanne Burgess  
 Ade Cassils  
 Angela Cassils  
 Kathleen Cousins  
 Isabelle Curry  
 Jane Cushing  
 Susan Cushing  
 Juliana de Kuyper  
 Gail Gnaedinger  
 Betty Gray  
 Lesley Gray  
 Anna Guthrie  
 Anne Hale  
 Anne Hayes  
 Pat Irvine  
 Roberta Lohse  
 Janet Martin  
 Electa McMaster  
 Camilla Porteous  
 Ann Powell  
 Sylvia Randall  
 Deirdre Smart  
 Susan Starkey  
 Stephanie Stern  
 Sara Thornton  
 Linda Wilson

### Beta Lambda

Judy Thomas, *Head*  
 Valerie Trueman  
 (Sub Head)  
 Tish Dawes, *Games*  
 Ann Adair  
 Anne Bruce  
 Beverly Brunner  
 Diana Daniels  
 Caroline Doyle  
 Joan Glithero  
 Jill Jenkins  
 Joan Joseph  
 Joyce Kirkpatrick  
 Judy Kirkpatrick  
 Priscilla Kuhner  
 Denny Lande  
 Daphne Louson  
 Susan Marler  
 Susanne Meagher  
 Diana MacKay  
 Joyce McEwen  
 Gail Palmer  
 Susan Paterson  
 Lynette Peake  
 Mikely Quedrue  
 Prudence Reilley  
 Janet Savage  
 Joanna Silver  
 Pat Southam  
 Hilary Thomas  
 Wendy Tidmarsh

### Delta Beta

Efa Heward, *Head*  
 Jill McConnell  
 (Sub Head & Games)  
 Cynthia Baird  
 Wilsie Baxter  
 Mary Bogert  
 Sally Bradeen  
 Joan Dobson  
 Diana Gaherty  
 Ann Geary  
 Lyn Geddes  
 Terry Geddes  
 Audrey Hamilton  
 Diana Hamilton  
 Faith Heward  
 Joan Kimber  
 Judy Lennon  
 Jacqueline Lotey  
 Lynda Melling  
 Tony Newman  
 Anne Pitcher  
 Linda Redpath  
 Grace Richardson  
 Martha Richardson  
 Margaret Robertson  
 Ann Tweedy  
 Daphne Wright  
 Diana Wright  
 Heather Wilson

## LOWER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

### Upper A—

Sherrill Christmas  
 Diana Covert  
 Diana Johnson  
 Mary Louson

Lucinda Lyman  
 Sally Meakins  
 Linda Nickerson  
 Prudence Pyke

Gael Quedrue  
 Kate Reed  
 Jennifer Trower  
 Wendy Whitehead

### Lower A—

Carol Andrews  
 Freddie Archer  
 Barbara Beggs  
 Jean Cundill

Gabrielle de Kuyper  
 Mary Joan Francis  
 Margaret MacInnes  
 Lesley McMartin  
 Dione Newman

Lynne Parish  
 Sally Porteous  
 Angela Richardson  
 Eleanor Tweedy

### Upper B—

Ann Barclay  
 Janet Gardiner  
 Sandra Herron

Martha Meagher  
 Susan McArthur  
 Marcia Paterson

Penny Riley  
 Justine Stern  
 Nancy Windsor

### Lower B—

Susan Banta  
 Suzanne Desternes  
 Kathie Fisher  
 Janice Fulton

Clare Hoare  
 Sandra Meakins  
 Diane Reid  
 Susan Rose

Carolyn Strauss  
 Joanie Thornton  
 Martha Trower

# CLASS NOTES



GAYLE CALDER 1948-51

Gayle came to the Study in Middle V. Upon her arrival, she won the respect and friendship of the students. She has been an efficient and capable Head Girl this year. For two years she has led Mu Gamma into a fighting position for possession of the House Cup. Gayle intends to train at the Royal Victoria Hospital in February of next year.

*Activities:*

Basketball 1948-51  
Ski Team 1951

Head Girl  
Head of Mu Gamma 1949-51



DIANA GAHERTY 1939-51

Di is one of the few members of the Sixth Form who started her school life at the Study. She has been a conscientious worker and next year she intends to enter college to major in political economy.

Prefect



EFA HEWARD 1938-51

Efa is one of the School's all round athletes, excelling in basketball and tennis. Chosen as Games Captain for the last two years she has efficiently carried out her duties. Efa intends to enter McGill next year.

*Activities:*

Ski Team 1946-51  
Basketball 1947-51  
Tennis 1948-51

Prefect  
Head of Delta Beta  
Games Captain of D.B. 1948-50  
Games Captain 1949-51



PAT IRVINE 1949-51

Pat come to the school last year from Toronto. She is one who can always be counted upon to join in any of the school events. Next year Pat intends to train for a nursing career at the Royal Victoria Hospital.



BEVERLY MELLEN 1946-51

An enthusiastic skier, Beverly led the Study Ski Team in obtaining firsts in both slalom and down hill this year. She came to the school in Upper Fourth and has taken her place in the School's life.

*Activities:*

Ski Team 1946-51

Subhead of Kappa Rho 1950-51



JILL McCONNELL 1941-51

Jill is one of the skiing members of the class. Because of an unfortunate accident in skiing she has been unable to participate in any of the school activities.

*Activities:*

Ski Team 1948-50  
Basketball 1950

Subhead of Delta Beta  
Games Captain of D.B. 1950-51



MARY STAVERT 1939-51

Mary, following in the steps of her mother, has spent her entire school life at the Study. She has taken a great interest in all school activities.

*Activities:*

Ski Team 1947  
Basketball 1947-49

Subhead of the School  
Subhead of Kappa Rho 1949-50  
Head of Kappa Rho 1951  
Games Captain of K.R. 1949-50



JUDY THOMAS 1940-51

Judy is the member of the Sixth Form who has a definite talent for mathematics. Next year Judy will be found studying French at Lausanne, Switzerland.

*Activities:*

Basketball 1949-51

Head of Beta Lambda 1950-51  
Subhead of Beta Lambda 1949-50  
Games Captain of B.L. 1949-50



VALERIE TRUEMAN 1945-51

Valerie is one of the most promising pianists of the school. Practising takes up much of her time, although she takes a great interest in school activities.

Prefect  
Subhead of Beta Lambda 1950-51



SHEILA WHITE 1941-51

Sheila is a very able pupil who works hard and produces good results. Always willing to help in school activities, she has been the official time-keeper for the basketball games. Next year Sheila plans to enter college.

Subhead of Mu Gamma 1950-51



# HOUSE NOTES



## MU GAMMA

*House Mistresses*  
*Head*  
*Subhead*  
*Games Captain*

Miss Horsfall, Miss Sheppard  
 Gayle Calder  
 Sheila White  
 Diana Harrison

All working to the best of our ability we shall achieve it! Mu Gamma placed second at Christmas and first at the end of the Easter term, which proves that with a little added effort we should capture the cup in June.

It was a great shock to us all when Miss Bricker announced that she was going to leave after two short years as our history teacher. In her stead we heartily welcomed Miss Sheppard, who, with Miss Horsfall, enthusiastically spurs us on to do our best. What a help new members can be! Linda Coristine, Mary Darling, Judy Dobell, Lynn Evans, Cynthia Hutchins and Elspeth McGreevy, are our new members this year. It is amazing to see how each and everyone of them has contributed to Mu Gamma's success. The House is going to be minus a number of excellents as Bridget Pyke has moved from Montreal.

Regardless of the combined efforts of all those on the basketball team, Mu Gamma failed to place. Those on the team were: Sheila White, Elizabeth Vale, Mary McEachran and Judy Darling as shots, Sally Parsons, Angela Rose, Joan Evans and Gayle Calder as defence. Mary McEachran and Dorothy McIntosh played well in the tennis but again Mu Gamma was defeated. Here's hoping we meet with better success at the Swimming Meet!

As the year draws to a close we look back with a certain amount of satisfaction, and look forward to an equally good, if not better, future.

GAYLE CALDER -- SHEILA WHITE.

## DELTA BETA

*House Mistresses* . . . . . Miss Crook, Miss Moore  
*Head* . . . . . Efa Heward  
*Subhead, Games Captain* . . . . . Jill McConnell

At the beginning of the year Efa Heward was elected Head of Delta Beta, with Jill McDonnell as Subhead and Games Captain. We were sorry to lose Madame, who felt that she had been in one house long enough. In her place we welcomed Miss Crook, who certainly has taken a vital interest in Delta Beta. We also welcomed Joan Dobson, Terry Geddes, Jacqueline Lotey, Tony Newman, Linda Redpath, Anne Tweedy and Daphne Wright. Joan Dobson deserves special mention, gaining the highest total in both Christmas and Easter terms.

Although our scholastic ability has not been up to our previous standard, we have pershaps made up for it in our athletic efforts. Six members of the house were on basketball teams this year: Efa Heward, Jill McConnell, Joan Kimber, Cynthia Baird, Faith Heward, and Mary Bogart.

We have already gained twenty-five points in basketball towards the Sports Cup, which incidentally, we won last year! Let's hope we will be equally successful this year!

EFA HEWARD JILL MCCONNELL.

# KAPPA RHO

<i>House Mistresses</i> . . . . .	Miss Marshall, Miss Harbert
<i>Head</i> . . . . .	Mary Stavert
<i>Subhead</i> . . . . .	Beverly Mellen
<i>Games Captain</i> . . . . .	Dorothy Johnson

Kappa Rho has had a very erratic year. At Christmas time she came first, only to fall to last place at Easter. We hope that by the end of the Summer Term she will have made up her lost points.

The house basket-ball games were played in March and April. The players were: Dorothy Johnson, Beverly Mellen, Barbara Brown, Angela Cassils, Camilla Porteous and Ann Powell. In the finals we were defeated by Delta Beta. In the autumn Dorothy Johnson and Camilla Porteous upheld the honour of Kappa Rho by winning the tennis doubles.

This year we welcomed Adie Cassils, Isabel Curry, Anne Hale, Janet Martin, Electa McMaster, Betty Gray, Deirdre Smart, and Sara Thornton.

We appreciate the encouragement that Miss Harbert and Miss Marshall have given us throughout the year and those Kappa Rhoads who are leaving this year wish the House the best of luck.

MARY STAVERT—BEVERLY MELLEN.



# BETA LAMBDA

<i>House Mistresses</i> . . . . .	Miss Indge, Mrs. Reiffenstein
<i>Head</i> . . . . .	Judy Thomas
<i>Subhead</i> . . . . .	Valerie Trueman
<i>Games Captain</i> . . . . .	Tish Dawes

Beta Lambda has lost many valuable members this year and therefore has declined somewhat and not maintained last year's high standard. We welcomed several new girls to the house last September,—Judy and Joyce Kirkpatrick, Joan Glithero, Joan Joseph, Joyce McEwan, Gail Palmer, Prudence Reilley, Ann Bruce, Caroline Doyle, Priscilla Kuhner, Suzanne Meagher, Diana MacKay, and Susan Paterson, all of whom have added to our House spirit.

Because of an unfortunate car accident, one of our House mistresses, Miss MacDonald, was laid up in the hospital for several weeks. However we are extremely happy to hear that after making a splendid recovery she has just been married. We wish her all the best. In her place we welcomed Mrs. Reiffenstein, who with Miss Indge has encouraged us. Early in the year we said good-bye regretfully to one of our helpful members, Brydon McCarthy.

Although Beta Lambda does not excel in sports, a great many of her members participated in the numerous activities of the Games Club. Topsy Doyle and Judy Kirkpatrick did some good skiing this winter. Tish Dawes and Brydon McCarthy played a stiff game of tennis but we did not manage to place. In basketball we were again defeated by Kappa Rho in spite of hard work. The team was as follows: — *Shots*: Pat Southam, Judy Thomas, Judy Kirkpatrick. *Defence*: Hilary Thomas, Prudence Reilley, Tish Dawes. Now we hope we can swim and also do well on Sport's Day!

In spite of the fact we have not had a very successful year we are trying hard this term and we, who are leaving, wish Beta Lambda the best of luck in the future.

JUDY THOMAS—VALERIE TRUEMAN.





FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM — Standing L. to R. Gavle Calder, Judy Thomas, Miss Moore, Prudence Reilley.  
Kneeling L. to R. Elisabeth Vale, Efa Heward, Dorothy Johnson.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM — Standing L. to R. Mary Bogert, Tish Dawes, Joan Evans, Angela Cassils, Camilla Porteous.  
Sitting L. to R. Faith Heward, Joan Kimber, Cynthia Baird.



# SPORTS



## SPORTS NOTES

The Study has been provided with close competition in every field of sport this year. As usual, basketball was the most prominent. In spite of Miss Moore's excellent coaching, we were unable to capture either Private School cups.

### BASKETBALL

Practices started in September, every Monday and Wednesday afternoon. From the First Team of last year we lost Gerda Thomas, who we hear is now playing an excellent game on the McGill Inter-Collegiate Team. Her place was admirably filled by Jill McConnell. The team then stood as follows:—

Shot: Mary Stavert	Defence: Gayle Calder
Dorothy Johnson	Judy Thomas
Efa Heward, captain	Jill McConnell

Unfortunately both Mary Stavert and Jill McConnell were lost to the First Team in the Easter Term. Mary had a recurrence of her knee injury, and Jill chipped a bone skiing. At this point we were tied with Trafalgar for first place in the league. It was a precarious situation. Prudence Reilley and Elizabeth Vale came up from the Second Team to fill the positions for the balance of the season.

The play-off game neared. It was to be played at the Y.W.C.A. The tension almost equalled that of the Stanley Cup Series in professional hockey! We felt sure we were ready for this game, for the newly arranged team was working well together. However it was just one of those days when we could not get started, and we bowed out to Trafalgar, 21-19. Although it was a disappointing game to lose, we realize that we cannot win the cup every year.

With spirit and drive the Second Team took second place in the league standing. It was unfortunate that they lost Prudence and Elizabeth to the First Team; it was just one of those things that could not be helped. The team was ably captained by Joan Kimber, with the following set-up:—

Shot: Cynthia Baird	Defence: Joan Evans
Faith Heward	Angela Cassils
Joan Kimber, captain	Tish Dawes
Substitutes: Camilla Porteous, Mary Bogert, Beverly Mellen,	
Mary McEachran.	

This team certainly has promising material for the coming years.

### EXHIBITION GAME-WESTMOUNT HIGH.

This year, as in the three previous years, The Study cagers trooped over to Westmount High School. A fast and extremely close game was played by both teams. The First Team rallied back and forth, and when the final whistle blew the score was 29-26 in honour of the home team. In four years the Study has won the first and third games. The Second Team played an outstanding game. Before the match it was thought that they would be trounced by some absurd score. But no, the team was determined, and after the half time signal they were leading the Westmonut team by a score of 13-2!! In the last quarter with one minute to go the score was tied at 19-19. Our team lost by one basket, the final score being 21-19. It was by far the most exciting game of the season, besides being the most fun to play.

TENNIS TEAMS — L. to R.  
 First Team Dorothy McIntosh, Efa Heward  
 2nd Team Dorothy Johnson, Camilla Porteous

Time out for lunch:  
 Miss Horsfall, Miss Moore  
 Dorothy Johnson



Slalom  
 Race  
 Beverly  
 Mellen

Slalom  
 Race  
 Efa  
 Heward

SKI TEAM — Standing L. to R. Judy Kirkpatrick, Gayle Calder, Camilla Porteous. Kneeling L. to R. Efa Heward, Beverly Mellen.

## HOUSE BASKETBALL

The houses games started off with Delta Beta playing Mu Gamma. Delta Beta won this game, to go on to play Kappa Rho in the finals. Delta Beta downed the Yellow and Green team to gain 25 points towards the sports cup.

## THE OLD GIRLS GAME.

For the first time in many years the game that is so looked forward to by the School was not played. It was a great disappointment. We must see to it when we are Old Girls that a team is made up!

Thus the basketball season closed. Thanks go to Sheila White, who has timed at each game, and to all the others who have willingly helped out. These are the scores of games played through out the year:

First Team	Second Team
Trafalgar at The Study, 27-24	17-17
The Study at Miss Edgar's, 49-19	44-5
The Study at Weston, 42-8	20-5
The Study at Trafalgar, 39-17	5-18
Miss Edgar's at The Study, 3-45	7-15
Weston at The Study, 5-48	5-34
Play-off The Study at Trafalgar, 19-21	
Exhibition The Study at W.H.S., 26-29	19-21

## TENNIS Inter-School Meet

Again this fall, there was an Inter-School tennis match. It was a difficult task to choose an A and B team, for the tennis players were so evenly matched. The A team was finally made up of Efa Heward and Dorothy McIntosh, who had both played on the A team the previous year. Dorothy Johnson and Camilla Porteous made up the B team.

The first team did very well, copping first place. The second team also played well, but they did not quite equal that of Trafalgar, ending in second place. After all the

totals were added, Trafalgar edged out The Study by two points. The standing of the four schools was as follows:—

Trafalgar, 35 points  
The Study, 33 points

Miss Edgar's, 28 points  
Weston, 12 points

### HOUSE TENNIS—Doubles

In the first round, Delta Beta met Mu Gamma, and Kappa Rho, Beta Lambda. Delta Beta and Kappa Rho come out as victors, to meet in the finals. Playing for Delta Beta were Efa Heward and Jill McConnell, while Dorothy Johnson and Camilla Porteous represented Kappa Rho. The latter took the "best out of three", with games of 6-1, 4-6, and 6-2.

As yet the house singles have not been played. It is hard to predict who will come out on top, as the games will definitely be close.

### SKIING

We were very fortunate to have Vic Allen coaching us this winter. He taught the skiers in two groups, the prospects for the team, and those who might make it next year! Determined to win the shield this year, the more advanced faithfully attended the skiing class on the mountain. On one occasion Vic was good enough to take a couple of us down the Taschereau at Mont Tremblant, which greatly helped us in downhill racing. The team was composed of Beverly Mellen, Efa Heward, Judy Kirkpatrick, Camilla Porteous and Gayle Calder. The annual ski meet, sponsored by the Penguin Ski Club, was held on March 10 at Piedmont. As usual the downhill was held on the Molson Trail and the Slalom on the Molson Hill. The slalom course was set by Harry Pangman, which certainly tested the schoolgirl's skill. In the combined results The Study placed first. In the individual results Beverly Mellen won both slalom and downhill events for first place. Following Beverly was Efa Heward, who placed second in both events. For a seventh year the shield is hanging at one end of the hall. Let's hope it will be there next year too!!

### SPORTS DAY, 1950

With 70.3 points, Delta Beta once again won Sports Day. Her nearest rival was Kappa Rho with 48.3 points. One record was set, and that was by Gerda Thomas, who threw the baseball 151 feet. The outstanding competitor in the thirds was Joanna Silver, who won both jumping events as well as placing in the running races. Hilary Thomas and Sally Parsons were among the winners in the Fourth Forms. In the Upper School Gerda Thomas won both the running high jump and the standing broad jump. Dorothy Johnson and Efa Heward also placed in various events throughout the day. Both the Shuttle and Medley Relays were won by Delta Beta.

What is going to happen this year? Who knows. Sports day this spring is to be held on May 16, if weather permits. May the best house win!!

### SWIMMING MEET, 1950

Last year, the swimming meet was held in the first week of June. In the Thirds Jill Jenkins won the class race, and placed second in the diving competition. Jane Cushing also swam well in the meet. Diana Hamilton and Sally Parsons shared honours in the Fourth Forms. In the Upper School, Mary Stavert, Efa Heward, and Beverly Mellen placed in the various events of the meet. Mary Stavert won both the Upper School race and the Long Plunge, while Efa Heward won the diving and the 'seal race', and also placed second in the race and the long plunge. Beverly placed in the racing, diving, and free style events. After the results had been totalled Delta Beta had won the Meet with 58 points, followed by Kappa Rho with 41 points.

It has not been decided as yet when the Meet this year will be held. The swimmers are already practising their dives and long plunges in preparation for the big event which only lies about a month away!

Thus another year filled with athletic activities, comes to an end. On the whole it has been a successful one. I cannot close without thanking Miss Moore, who has taken sincere interest in the Games Club, and who is always willing to help the Sixth Form in other than athletic events.

EFA HEWARD, *Games Captain.*



# DRAMATIC NOTES



At the end of the Christmas term Middle Fifth presented two short, one-act plays. The first, a comedy, was the "Rehearsal", based on a rehearsal of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as it might have taken place in the playwright's own day. The trials and troubles of rehearsing were shown with Joyce Blond as the conceited Macbeth, Dorothy McIntosh as the harrassed stage-manager and Grace Richardson as the producer, handling the main rôles excellently. The second play was "The Bishop's Candlesticks", adapted from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables". The sad mood of the play was varried effectively, and Ann Powell as Persommé, Elizabeth Vale as the Bishop, and Joyce Kirkpatrick portraying the convict deserve special mention for their able acting.

At the end of the Easter term Lower Fifth put on the masque scene from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Unfortunately, on account of illness, some of the main actors were unable to take part, but the efficient understudies made it impossible to detect any substitution. Among the most noteworthy actors were Martha Richardson and Prudence Reilley. An unusual feature of the play was the appearance of a co-operative cocker spanial. All other parts were well represented, and the comedy was very pleasing to watch.

We are all looking forward to the Upper Third production, which will take place at the end of the summer term. A rumour is circling the school that Miss Harbert is giving some excerpts from the life of Marco Polo.

Thanks are due to Miss Crook, who has been responsible for production this year, and Miss Seath, who with her art class has created the attractive and appropriate settings for the plays.

CAMILLA PORTEOUS—Middle V.

esd

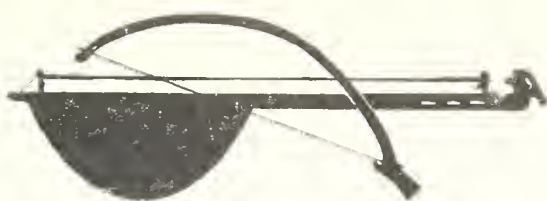
## JUST A DAY DREAM

I was sitting at my desk, As busy as a bee, When it turned into a raft In the middle of the sea.	A seagull took me for a fish And carried me away, Across the blue horizon To an island called Malay.	It was a desert island, As calm as it could be, But soon fierce cannibals Were dancing around poor [me.
They put me in a pot With water to my nose, And the chief lit a fire	But that was not the end of me, As many of you may fear, There is big surprise in store,	A raging storm came in From the open sea, A wind blew out the fire
While I trembled to my toes.	Wait! What's this I hear? And blew away the cannibals With all their angry steam, To leave me quite alone With my stupid little dream.	Roasting poor little me.

ANNE PITCHER—Middle V.



# MUSIC



This year we have had an especially interesting time in the singing classes.

Instead of the usual selection of Christmas Carols by the Upper School, Miss Blanchard introduced us to some modern music. We learned the "Ceremony of Carols" by the English composer, Benjamin Britten. The words, mostly in Old English, were largely traditional, and in Benjamin Britten's unusual and characteristic melodic settings they seemed to suggest the pungent simplicity of centuries—old Festivity. This music was entirely different in character from that to which we were accustomed, and Miss Blanchard presented it to us on records, sung by the Robert Shaw Chorale. The result was that the girls were fascinated by Britten's work, and everyone felt that the Christmas Concert was mighty successful.

The Lower School did some hearty singing in the French carol: "Il est né, le divin Enfant", "Here we Come A Wassailing", by G. Shaw, and in the Czechoslovakian Carol: "I would to Bethlem go".

The Middle School sang "The Boar's Head Carol", "The Shepherd's Cradle Song" by A. Somervell, the English Carols, "The Holly and the Ivy", "I saw three ships", and several others.

During this term the whole school has been working on a large variety of songs. The Lower School studied "Lass of Richmond Hill" with a descant by Geoffrey Shaw, and a group of English Folk Songs. The Third Forms have studied "The Golden Day" by Palmgren, "Spring" by Whittaker, and the well-known "O dear, What can the Matter be" with descant. The Fourth Forms have sung many part songs. Among them are the "Aubade" by John Ireland, "Lavender's Blue" by Garson, "The Japanese Lullaby" by Stanford, "Who is Sylvia"? by Schubert. The girls in the Upper School have studied "Orpheus with his Lute" by Charles Wood, "Two of Brahms Waltzes", "The Bonny Earl of Moray". We have also sung many selections from the Mikado by Gilbert and Sullivan for relaxation.

At present we are all enthusiastically working for our Spring Concert as well as preparing for our annual Church Service in the Cathedral.

VALERIE TRUEMAN, VI.

## THE STUDY PIPERS

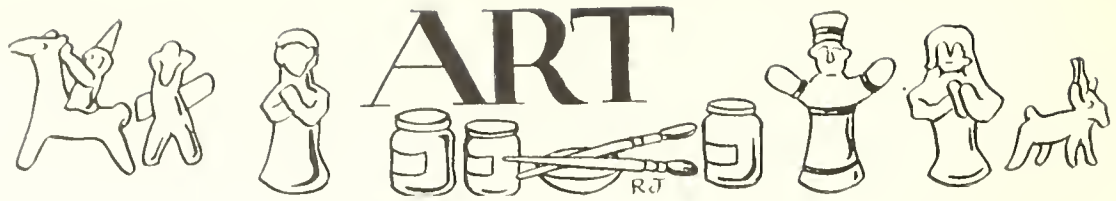
Two classes, one for advanced Pipers on Tuesday afternoons, and the other for younger Pipers on Saturday mornings, have been held this year. We welcomed into the Tuesday class this year, Miss Horsfall, Mary Bogert, Gail Daley, and Lynette Peake. We miss Gerda Thomas, who was one of our most enthusiastic Pipers.

During the year we learned Carols for the Christmas concert, a duet for trebles called "Ayre", a trio "Tower Hill", and "Etude", by Roussel. We have had continued enjoyment from the Welsh Airs.

In December the Pipers played at the Christmas concert. In January we played at a meeting of the Camping Association, where Miss Blanchard explained the making and playing of pipes. We hope that this demonstration will bring piping to more people through the arts and crafts of summer camps. It would provide excellent ear-training and would sound delightful out of doors and around the camp fire.

Piping entails steady work, and we get great enjoyment from it.

MARY STAVERT, VI.



This year an unusually large group is working towards its McGill certificate in art. Under the careful direction of Miss Seath we have been drawing still life in watercolour and charcoal. Those in the class are: Gayle Calder, Mary Stavert, Pat Irvine, Efa Howard, Beverly Mellen and Jill McConnell. We hope that in our matriculation we will be able to maintain the standard for which the School has always been noted.

The Thursday afternoon class has recently been sketching out of doors with Miss Seath, and also finding subjects for design indoors in the Central Station with its crowds, escalators and murals.

There are several outstanding art students in the school. Judy McGreevy, one of the most talented, has painted some of the scenery used in the plays and murals for the bazaar and Christmas crèche. Pat Southam also has shown talent in the making of intricate animals.

The crèche this year was modelled by the Sixth Form art students with the able assistance of the Thursday afternoon class.

At the Study a sense of colour and line is developed in the children at a very early age. The girls take great delight in modelling, making papier mâché masks, and puppets. They have great scope for imagination through the mediums of poster paint and clay. The art room is always a favorite room in the school.

The Sixth Form students feel that Miss Seath has helped them to develop a true appreciation of art which will remain with them for the rest of their lives.

BEVERLY MELLEN—MARY STAVERT, VI.

## HOBBIES

Hobbies differ in many ways,  
From reading stories to writing plays.  
Some are old and some are new,  
Why don't you have a few?

Why not have a nature one,  
Or collecting dolls is lots of fun,  
Some people may like to collect shells,  
Or picking stones out of dried up wells.

Hobbies are interesting,  
Hobbies are fun,  
If you haven't a hobby,  
Try starting one.

ANN GEARY, *Lower IV.*

# THE BAZAAR

When we return to school in September, the first big event in the school year is the bazaar which is held late in October. Although it is fun and everyone enjoys the sale, it takes a certain amount of prodding to get people working on it. During the three weeks which precedes "the day" the Sixth Formers and Madame hold busy sessions of the all-important pricing. The Sixth Form Room is filled with everything from China vases to babies' dresses. Several days before the bazaar Miss Blanchard and Miss Harbert hold a "mass Meeting" of the Middle and Upper Schools to decide about such important details as tea cloths and silver spoons. The tea rooms are an extremely popular institution with the Middle Fifth serving as very efficient waitresses.

The great day dawns at last and lessons seem to drag by as everyone's minds are on anything but work. As soon as school is over desks in the Geography and Lower Third Rooms and Assembly Hall are transformed into booths for the different goods, covered with white sheets. Colourful posters painted by the Art Class are placed in prominent positions on the stairs and in the hall. As one enters the building a large white elephant and a can of paint along with brushes at the left point the way to the White Elephants and Handicraft Tables. Across the hall Miss Indge is doing a thriving business in the Second Hand Book Stall. The stage in the Assembly Hall is made into a flower and vegetable stall where small plants, gourds, pumpkins and the like are being sold. At the opposite end of the room there is a huge crowd. What is happening there? Of course, it is the knitting booth where knitted socks, brightly designed mitts and ski socks and baby garments are much in the fore. Our mothers and aunts find the homemade jam and jelly table a popular rendez-vous and the candy table is sold out during the first ten minutes.

Then there are the Sewing and Doll Tables not to be forgotten and this year we had some very nice articles for them. Over in the Junior School our younger visitors are having a happy time at the Fishpond and the movie, skilfully run by Lower Five. By half-past five the last group of parents have had their tea and the stalls are almost empty. When the money is counted we are thrilled to learn that we have made about one thousand dollars! This year, as in several past, the money was given to a very needy cause—the Tuberculosis Ward for Children in the Alexandra Hospital. In addition, the school bought a much needed electric frigidaire.

Although the bazaar was a great success and although at several times we have had to consider giving it up, I think that everyone would regret it if we did.

SHEILA WHITE VI.

## TOPPY

I have a pup named Toppy,  
Who's very fond of me.  
He likes to frisk about and bark,  
And sit by me at tea.

His coat is honey coloured  
His eyes as brown can be.  
He has a short and stubby tail,  
That always wags with glee.

He tries to be a grown up dog.  
Although he's very wee.  
He likes to think he guards the house  
And keeps me company.

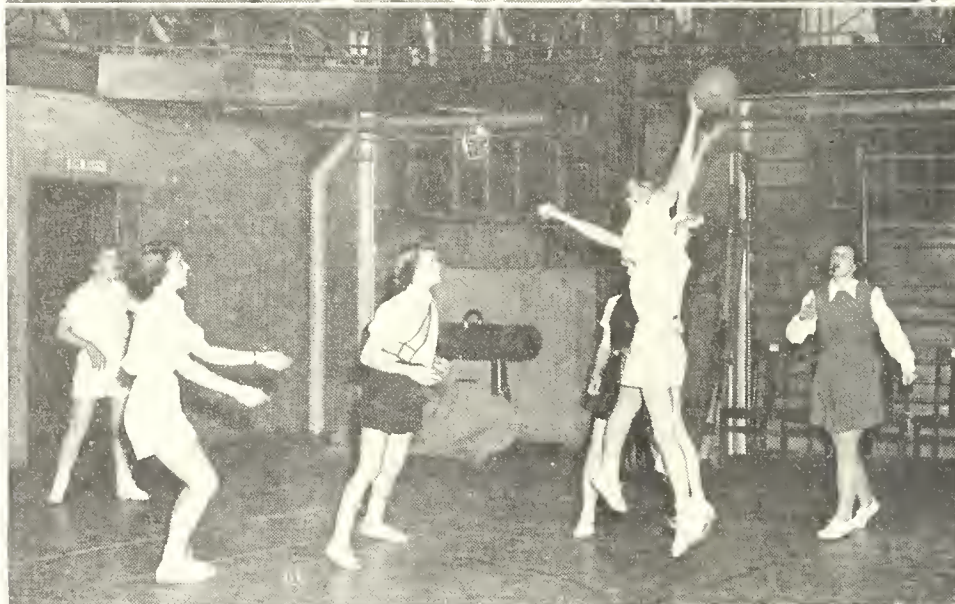
ANNE HALE,  
Lower III.



Rope Rhythms



Basketball



Gymnastic  
Exercises



## GYM DEMONSTRATION



# AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEMONSTRATION,

1951

In bygone days, the emphasis in gym classes was put on producing the trained athlete or on work designed for boys. Within the last few years the emphasis has been changed. Gym work has been cut down, and in its place there are exercises to develop healthy bodies, with good posture, poise, ease of movement, rhythm and grace.

This year, Miss Moore organised the Demonstration to display the new trend. The Demonstration was held on March 13, at the Y.W.C.A. We did no box nor mat work, concentrating on exercises and dancing.

The Fourth Forms opened the programme. To music they went through a series of gymnastic exercises. These helped their posture, rhythm and grace. The Fourths then went on to show the audience the various dances that they had learnt during the school year, dances that are traditional in many European countries.

"Rope Rhythms" was the next attraction on the programme. The title suggests where the emphasis was laid. Middle and Lower Fifth performed exceptionally well in these exercises, each participant enjoying herse'fand so creating a pleasant atmosphere. These exercises too were done to music. The audience, I am sure, were thoroughly taken by the Fifth's fine performance.

Once the "Rope Rhythms" were over, the Sixth Form and Upper Fifth together did the Daldans. This Swedish folk dance is one of the harder dances that Miss Moore teaches. Besides producing rhythm and grace, I think it also tested our memories and concentration! The "Daldans" was followed by the two Scandivian dances by the Middle Fifth.

The Sixth and Upper Fifth were next seen in "Ball Rhythms". This exercise perhaps accentuated each factor in the development of a healthy, well coordinated body, emphasising especially rhythm and grace. To give the audience a further impression of modern gym we each made ourselves a royal blue dancing uniform. This costume, together with the bright, red rubber balls, made quite a colourful picture in the centre of the floor.

Three folk dances followed this performance, two by the Lower Fifth and the last, "Kanafasta", by the Upper and Middle Fifth Forms, and the Sixth Form.

The Third Forms according to houses, ran a series of agility races. With their spirit and eagerness, they greatly added to the Demonstration.

Last, but not least, was the basketball game. The First Team played the Second Team. Basketball has always been the main sport at The Study, each member of the team always putting the utmost of her ability into the game. We only played one short period, but in these few minutes demonstrated the way in which the game is played to day. Many parents were amazed at the change in basketball since their day, in speed rules and positions on the team.

With the cheering of both teams, the Demonstration ended. Special thanks should be paid to Miss Moore who was responsible for the display being such a success. I cannot close without mentionning Mrs. Norton who was our able accompanist.

Thus another Demonstration ends. The next one will take place in 1953, when I myself hope to be a spectator!!!!

EFA HEWARD,

*Games Captain, 1950-51.*

# Literary Section

## THE SILVER COIN

(HUTCHISON PRIZE STORY)

Last week, on a beautiful spring morning, I was riding my pony up to a friend's house. I was the kind of "Oh to be in England now that April is there" morning. My pony thought so too and most of my attention was, unfortunately, riveted on her instead of the landscape. If she had managed to slide me down her neck, I should have had to walk home. However even this could not dampen my spirits; everything was so bright, cheerful, and clean.

Suddenly I heard behind me the mellow and mysterious blast of a horn. Horns of any sort are a rarity around here and this was a new one, and far more tuneful than the hunt horn. It was followed by the clatter of many hooves, the rumble of wheels crossing the wooden bridge, and the jangle of many bits of harness. My pony suddenly decided that this was the opportune moment for flight and before I had disengaged her from this idea a black coach and four came swiftly around the corner. I was so utterly astonished by this vision that I just sat and, in deliberate violation of the rules of etiquette, stared. The horses had all originally been black, but now a combination of dust and sweat had turned them a muddy brown colour. They were very nervous and jumped and broke their gait at every curse delivered to them by the coachman. He too was completely clothed in black, and a more sullen-looking man I have never seen. He was furious with the jaded horses and jerked their bits and whipped them mercilessly. Sitting beside him was a wizened old man hunched up in a black great-coat that could have accommodated another of his size. In his hands he held a long gold horn on which he now blew another echoing blast. The coach itself was a mud splattered black with a gold shield that I have never seen. As they passed me an order was spoken from the interior, the coachman cursed angrily and the horses slithered to a stop where they stood with lowered heads and heaving sides.

"D'ye live in these parts?" The coachman was glaring at me like a caged bear.

"Just beyond the hill". I pointed to it.

"Where be the ---" he was literally roaring now.

"Huntby", said a thin stern voice from the inside, "will you never learn to behave like a civilized being?" "Now, young man, which way lies the grange?"

He was tall and thin like a reed. His face was white with a prominent nose, and hard piercing eyes. He was immaculately clad in black, but the thing that struck me was his ponderous gold signet ring. I think he might have swayed empires and held men's lives in his hands.

"Well?" He turned his deep-seeing eyes on me, and his voice was like cutting glass.

"But the grange—the grange was burnt, sir", I said as I began to think clearly. "It was burnt before I was born and the young lady with it". This was an understatement on my part as it was burnt a hundred years ago, in 1846, but everyone here knows the gruesome story.

"Burnt", he echoed stunned. "Burnt".

He crashed his ring on the door and his eyes blazed with a cold fire. "Damn it, too late, too late. I might have known. Fate is always against me". He laughed bitterly and sat back. "Back again, Huntby", he murmured weakly.

The whip cracked viciously and a silver coin flashed through the air, and fell at my pony's feet. I dismounted and picked it up. The date was 1846.

ANN BALLANTYNE, *Middle V.*

# UP NORTH

(HUTCHISON PRIZE ESSAY)

To some people the phrase "Up North" means great drifts of snow, a small ski chalet nestled beneath majestic pines, and long days spent on the trail, or on one of the large hills in the Laurentians, perfecting their skiing. To me it has another meaning. It reminds me of a wonderful summer holiday spent deep in the backwoods, where the scenery and weather is unrivalled (mostly).

One bright and shining morning in August, my family and I descended from a small train and surveyed an even smaller station surrounded by a few dilapidated shacks, which comprised the whole of Snake Creek village. Standing in the middle of an open sandy spot was an ancient truck, into which we clambered with some misgivings, for it was in this old and trusted vehicle we were to make our eight-mile journey into the bush.

After a pleasant although bumpy ride we arrived at the main camp of Shawandagooze. The Club House was built on a hill overlooking the beginning of Snake Creek, just above the old dam which was then in ruins. Close to the Club House was a small golf course on which we had a great deal of fun although the ground was uneven. Below the camp, the trail to Lake Memwin branched off and crossed the creek by an old log bridge. Apart from these few signs of civilization the rest was a mass of thick forest full of wild life.

Only the few people who have arisen early know how beautiful dawn in the mountains can be. One morning, feeling most energetic, I arose at half past six and threaded my way cautiously up a path for the sun was just rising and the world was shrouded in a damp sweet-smelling mist. A few moments later I stood alone on the peak of a rock which overhangs the dam. As I waited a light breeze came, blowing the mist upwards and enabling me to distinguish a few dim outlines. Close by I could hear the water pouring over the dam and rushing through the narrow gorge, making a curious muffled sound which gradually became more distinct as the mist rose. Looking up one could see the fog was turning pink shot with gold. Suddenly the rock on which I stood, was flooded with light, and looking down I saw the water racing along, with crests of spun gold showing clearly against the deep blue of the water. The world was suddenly alive with birds twittering blithely and the forest rustling with many small animals. Indeed it was a sight worth arising to see.

Equally memorable was an exceptionally fine sunset which I viewed from Club Lake. Drifting silently in the motionless water I watched the sun sink behind Mons Dome in a blaze of glory, throwing up great shafts of golden light, and tinting the nearby sky a rich rose shade. I heard the forest life slowly cease to make a noise. A solemn hush fell over the land only broken by the rhythmic swish of my paddle as I turned towards camp in the grayness of dusk, and saw the darkness gathering beyond the far hills.

Apart from these quiet times of day the remaining light hours were spent in vigorous entertainment. Chiefly we fished, and providing there were enough fish, it was barrels of fun. Once we fished all day in Clear Lake, where all morning I successfully played grey trout under the expert tuition of my Father. However in the afternoon I rowed my brother until he succeeded in catching several fish, and I, in obtaining several blisters. But every cloud has a silver lining, and the following day my brother paddled me all the time.

The best time of all the day was at about five o'clock when we paddled back to the cabin at Clear Lake to have some food. Derek supplied the firewood, Daddy the tea, Mum my the sandwiches, and I the ferns to sit on. Very few people realize how good tea tastes when made in an old tea can, blackened by many a fire, and drunk with ham sandwiches by an open fire. Of course the fact of having a good catch of fish greatly adds to the contentment.

There is absolutely nothing like the backwoods in fine weather or for that matter in wet weather. The only thing that can mar the beauty of tramping in the bush is rain. One exceedingly hot and sultry day we elected to tramp five miles to the main camp from Lake Memwin, and started off with enthusiasm. I am sorry to say our joyful feelings sank as the temperature seemingly rose, and we wished for rain which is fatal on the trail. Of course we did not mean the deluge that descended after we had walked two miles, but fate was against us and we struggled the last three miles through a very wet world. After what seemed an interminable length of time we arrived at the Club House making puddles wherever we stood. Believe me, never wish for rain!

However our holiday soon drew to a close and one evening we piled into a new truck and with many rather sad farewells we rumbled away in the dusk. But our sadness gradually wore off and soon we were singing our favorite songs, as we dodged the overhanging branches which were soaked with dew. As we crossed on open space a slight mist appeared, writhing and dancing over the hills and fields, sometimes surrounding us with a wall of white and other times disappearing into the frosty night air.

That holiday impressed upon me the great size and beauty of Canada. To me those woods, mountains, and waters seemed more like Canada than summer resorts, parliament buildings, and great iron mines, they were Canada as it ought to be, beautiful, great, unconquerable and free!

ANNA L. GUTHRIE—*Upper IV.*



## TALLY

A fat dog  
A thin dog  
A middle size one  
I could love  
Any dog  
Under the sun.

A furry dog  
A hairy dog  
A dog with a curl  
A young dog  
An old dog  
A boy dog, a girl.

Brown eyes  
Black eyes  
All equally bright  
Long ears  
Short ears  
A wrong dog, a right.

Every dog  
All dogs  
I like the same  
Especially  
One dog  
That I will name.

Curled tail  
Clumsy paws  
Tripping him up  
Eats a lot  
Sleeps a lot  
What a nice pup!

Broken cups  
Stolen food  
He is to blame  
I like him  
He likes me  
Tally's his name.

JOAN EVANS—*Upper V.*



# MIDDLE V EN MASSE

BY MIDDLE V

Ann Adair: "I sits and thinks; but mostly I sits".  
Cynthia Baird: "How do I get rid of freckles?"  
Ann Ballantyne: "My kingdom for a horse".  
Joyce Blond: "Music, maestro".  
Beverly Brunner: Our U.S. import.  
Judy Dobell: Very fragile, handle with care.  
Anne Hayes: Our Maple Leaf hockey fan.  
Faith Heward: Merrily she rolls along with her maths all wrong.  
Joyce Kirkpatrick: "Dance, Ballerina, dance".  
Judy Kirkpatrick: Better late than never.  
Dorothy Johnson: She'll make the Canadiens yet.  
Mary McEachran: "Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes".  
Judy McGreevy: "The old master painter".  
Dorothy McIntosh: "She's the apple of my eye".  
Anne Pitcher: "A girl of silence, a girl of sense".  
Camilla Porteous: Why should the devil have all the fun?  
Ann Powell: She's not brilliant? She just works hard!  
Grace Richardson: Pythagoras the second.  
Elizabeth Vale: Young in age, in wisdom old.  
Mrs. Reiffenstein: "Just a whisper girls".

## ALGEBRA

Mathematics, to me are as easy as pie,  
(Three and a seventh, you know)  
But, for some reason—I cannot tell why—  
The answers are never quite so.  
Then, when I'm given a whole lot of facts  
Concerning the sale of a calf,  
I find that, for fifty three dollars (plus tax),  
You may purchase a calf and a half.  
And when I'm informed about distance and rate  
Of a train, going five hundred miles,  
And I find it takes only one hour when LATE,  
I am pained for the maths mistress smiles.  
Concerning some men who are doing a task—  
To finish in 23 days  
Requires twelve and three-quarters men—then do I ask  
Can one do this in different ways?  
And however I struggle and strive very hard  
And work both day and by night,  
I wish I were buried beneath the green sward,  
For the answers are never quite right right!

JEANNE BURGESS,—Upper V.

## ROCKY MOUNTAINS

When I came to Canada I decided to spend my first long holiday climbing in the Rockies. At the end of term last year I went West by bus, laden with the baggage and gadgets of a mountaineer. There were dunnage bags filled with camp kit, a camera, a worn rucksack with nailed boots strapped on the outside, and a fierce looking ice axe.

The mountains around Banff looked alarmingly big after the hills at home. I made several short climbs before getting used to the height and vastness of the scene. My only companions at that time were the Big-horn sheep who wander around the mountains, browsing on the pastures above the tree-line.

After several days I was joined by an American girl who was an enthusiastic climber. By now I was in good training and we found Swiss guides to take us up more spectacular mountains in the district. The first was Mt. Louis, a magnificent isolated rock tower which dwarfed the Empire State building by several hundred feet. My guide, Walter, was recently from Switzerland. He had never climbed this mountain before but was confident that we would find our way up. We had a long nylon rope between us, not to pull me up but to act as a safety link, and to belay or secure each other in difficult places. I had used a rope only once before so I had a lot to learn as we went along. Our route led up slabs and ridges of rock and in gullies which lay between the ridges. When the gullies became very steep and narrow they formed chimneys and we had to wriggle up like worms. Each hand and foot-hold had to be tested before relying on it because much of the rock was rotten. I loosened a stone which fell a thousand feet without a rebound, whistling like a bullet as it went. The climb became more exciting as we went higher. In the last chimney there was an unexpected wall of ice, a remnant of the winter's snow. No one could have climbed it without cutting steps and we had not brought our ice axes which are used for that purpose. But undeterred, Walter climbed up a tiny crack on the outside of the chimney, and somehow I followed, though it felt horribly like clambering up the wall of a house. From the top we could see the pyramid of Mt. Assiniboine, the "Matterhorn of the Rockies", and high peaks around Lake Louise which we were soon to visit. We took only three hours on our climb and so rested an hour on a narrow grass covered ledge till my friend and her guide arrived.

Our next long climb was up Mt. Victoria. It is the familiar snowpeak in the background of most pictures of Lake Louise. This time we took Mary's guide, Edmund, for both of us, since a party of three is safer than two when climbing on snow. We started early in the morning. Two planets were still shining in the sky and a blanket of fleecy cloud covered Lake Louise. Mountaineers begin their climbs long before the sun comes up, melting the snow, sometimes causing avalanches and rock falls. The best part of this climb was up the long, undulating snow ridge which leads to the summit. It is a knife-edge ridge which slopes steeply down to Lake Louise on the one side and to Lake O'Hara on the other, both about five thousand feet below. At moments I felt we might slide down towards either lake and we had to "belay" each other as we climbed. We did this by securing the rope which linked us to the top of our ice axes and driving them deeply into the snow at every step. We crossed spectacular cornices where the snow had piled up on the crest of the ridge, and hung like sugar icing over the rocky precipices below. We had to avoid these overhangs because they are very treacherous; sometimes a shout is enough to break them off. At one critical moment Edmund instructed us to prepare to jump down one side of the ridge, in case he should slip down the other. Luckily it was not necessary, and at nine o'clock we reached the summit. An ice axe is essential for climbing snow covered mountains though in thundery weather it can be a danger, acting as a personal lightning conductor. We had good weather for this climb although thunder clouds, rolling up from the west, made us hurry back along the ridge after a short rest at the top.

After these adventures Mary and I went to the Alpine Club camp at Maligne Lake near Jasper. We changed several times from cars to boats before reaching camp, and at one stage my baggage got left behind. However I spent the first night happily on balsam boughs and in borrowed blankets.

There were over a hundred alpinists in camp, not all of them climbers. There were artists and photographers, a few sportsmen who spent hours fishing without success, and others for whom camping among the mountains is the best kind of holiday.

Climbs were arranged each evening for the following day when small groups set out with an appointed leader. There was plenty of variety: long climbs through the snow, difficult rock climbs or hikes through the trees to the flower covered meadows. Our tent was always full of flowers we had gathered, such as yellow cinquefoil, purple vetches, Indian paint brush, sweet scented orchids, and starlike saxifrages.

The days were hot and boat trips on the lake were popular. A few hardy campers took their morning baths in the lake. (I found courage enough to wash my socks in it.) The water was always ice cold since the lake was fed by streams from melting glaciers. We all had meals together in a tent where the tables and benches had been made on the spot from pine trees. After sundown we gathered around a blazing camp fire. There we discussed the climbs of the day and entertained ourselves singing climbers' versions of popular songs.

Before a climb a mountaineer packs his rucksack with many things. These include crampons for climbing on ice or sneakers for dry rock. Among the essentials are sandwiches and raisins, a camera and sunglasses, and spare socks and sweaters. I always add a needle and thread. Once when I slithered down a particularly steep and spikey rock chimney I got a large rent in the back of my bluejeans. This was a minor detail until I was lower down the mountain where the mosquitoes were numerous and hungry. Then repairs became important.

Our best climb from camp was Mt. Brazeau, the highest in the district. Our way to the top led through the pine woods, over the alpine meadows, up rock cliffs and finally on snow and ice to the summit. I enjoyed especially the variety of the climb. On the meadows we found the trail of many caribou though no one saw them. Where the snow had just melted spring beauty and other April flowers were out. We went steadily in the slow rhythm of mountaineers and arrived at the top of the rocks at about eight o'clock. The sun was blazing across the snow covered side of the mountain. This was four hours after leaving camp and I was ready for my second breakfast. A party of climbers, who had camped high up overnight, were ahead of us and conveniently led the way. This part of the climb was the most difficult: we should have brought our crampons as there was a lot of ice, crampons being a set of spikes which can be strapped onto ordinary climbing boots. We managed well enough by enlarging the steps cut by the group ahead. It was hard work, but a very spectacular climb with slopes as steep as  $50^{\circ}$  in some parts. We joined the leading party for lunch at the top at 12.30 and enjoyed an exceptional view of the mountains in every direction. The giant of the Rockies, Mt. Robson, was on view about eighty miles away. To the south we saw clearly the Columbia icefield and the many mountains which surround it. Even from our high summit, the Rockies seemed without limit.

The leading party returned the way they came but we were not prepared to risk it without crampons. So we ran down the scree on the other side of the mountain, chasing the loose stones that are shifted at every stride. Then precipitous cliffs, like those we climbed up earlier in the day, stopped our short cut home. So we went the other way and made a long detour across two smaller mountains to the glacier above camp. We arrived back in the dark and after a meal joined our friends around the camp fire.

ANN HORSFALL.



## MOVING

Moving is such a bother!  
Travelling from one house to the other.  
Going with one valuable or breakable thing,  
That Daddy won't trust the mover to bring.

The first night there  
You can't even find a chair!  
Luckily I found a bed  
On which to lay my head!

The moving van comes frightfully early,  
We have to get up at six-thirty!  
Our next meal might be anywhere,  
Where ever someone's got food to spare.

Next morning, Oh dear!  
Mum calling? I *cant* hear!  
With all the barking and the shouting,  
Telephones and bells ringing.

Finally we get settled,  
We're all just tickled,  
To live in our new home.  
But I'll never move again!!

LYN GEDDES,  
*Lower Fourth.*

## BEDRIDDEN

Sulpha stands beside my bed,  
My throat is sore and flaming red,  
My temperature is a hundred and two,  
I've a whole stack of homework yet to do!

My bed is getting hot and wrinkled,  
My arithmetic book is so horribly wrinkled  
From lying so long with its pages askew,  
You should be thankful that you're not ill too!

LESLEY GRAY—*Upper III.*

## DOGS

Some are spotted black and white,  
This sort always want to fight!

Scottie dogs are slow and tubby  
Because their legs are short and stubby.

Sausage dogs are long and fat,  
They have strong and sturdy backs.

Big and clumsy great Danes are,  
They can travel fast and far.

All dogs I've seen I'd like to own,  
But no one wants them in my home!

SARA THORTON—*Lower III.*

View from the  
Peace Tower  
Ottawa



Miss Horstall  
Miss Sheppard  
Outside the Archives



View from the  
Peace Tower  
Ottawa



Redpath Library  
Lower Fifth



Outside the  
station



Sussex Street.  
Sheila White, Beverly Mellen  
Gayle Calder

## OUR TRIP TO THE NATION'S CAPITOL

Yearly trips are made to Ottawa by the students of Canadian history in order to supplement their knowledge. This year was no exception, and Friday April 27th saw our delegation embark from Windsor Station under the protective wings of Miss Sheppard and Miss Horstall.

Upon arrival our first scheduled stop was the Canadian Archives. It is here that historical paintings, documents and miscellaneous articles are collected and colourfully presented to the public. However to appreciate the merits of the Archives one must be a serious student of the past, not a schoolgirl. The Mint, located next door to the Archives, proved to be our next stop. In the confines of this imposing building lurks all the structure of our coinage system. As expected, everyone delighted in the intricate and lengthy procedure of numismatics with its all too precious results. The finished product is tested for exactness of weight and content before being publicly circulated.

The focal point of our tour was reached when we crossed flower-studded Parliament Hill to enter the main building just before three o'clock. The Speaker's procession paraded by us in full dignity. All citizens have the privilege of attending the House in session. Once seated in the ladies' gallery we concentrated on the discussion going on below us, which centered around the Liberal emigration policy, margarine, butter and cheese question, and the Hamilton Harbour Commission. Since time was running short we had to bring our observation to a stop and proceed on a conducted tour of the building. First of all we visited the Peace Tower, from which the bells, ranging in size from ten pounds to eleven tons, toll out quarter hours. In the Peace Tower the room commemorating World War I's dead is situated. Two other places we obtained glimpses of were the Senate Chamber, with its twenty-two-carat gold ceiling, and several paintings representing events in World War I, and the library, a replica of the British Parliamentary library.

We dashed for the train. Needless to say we were all glad to rest our feet after an eventful day. Our thanks to Miss Sheppard for making the trip possible and enjoyable, and for helping us to obtain an insight into our Government's inner workings in this time of uncertain ty.

DIANA GAHERTY, VI.

## A FOOTBALL GAME AT MCGILL

A football game, whether it be dull or exiting, always seems thrilling to me. I sit in the stands breathing the fresh autumn air, with the clear blue sky and the weakening sun overhead, and I feel nothing could be more wonderful than watching a football game. The crowd fascinates me; everyone seems so happy and carefree. The students' section is a maze of red and white, the colours of McGill University, streamers of the same colours wave gaily in the wind, everyone joins in the singing, or I should say yelling, the college songs and cheers. Before the game begins the opposing team's band marches down the field, their uniforms immaculate, and their colourful capes fluttering in the breeze. The music pours forth with marches and familiar tunes, and suddenly a deafening cheer resounds from the crowd as the teams run out on the field. I love the feeling of excitement as I sense the tension rising before the game starts.

The opening kick off relieves much of the tension, but as soon as an exciting play takes place the crowd is up on its feet, yelling at the top of its lungs. It amazes me to see the athletes withstand the hard body contact, coming up from the very bottom of a pile of players without suffering injuries.

At half time the McGill band marches out to the centre of the field and it performs several marches. The music is not the best one may hear yet it is thrilling to me. If McGill is behind I usually brood over a hot dog, assuring myself that she will win in the end. When she is leading I am usually running around through the crowd, and waving my McGill banner high in the air. The vividness and colourfulness of the crowd creates a scene no artist could quite produce on canvas.

At last the second half of the game begins, and once again there are countless thrills and spine-tingling plays. I yell myself hoarse, and looking at the faces of surrounding people I can see excitement and anxiety plainly written on their faces. The spectators compete against each other, those pulling for McGill trying desperately to down the cheers directed to the visiting team. Whether McGill wins, loses, or draws, I go home convinced that there is nothing quite like a football game.

FAITH HEWARD —Middle V.

## A NEW GIRL'S PLEDGE

As a pupil of the Study  
I promise to obey,  
All its rules and regulations,  
In each and every way.

To uphold the Study's standard,  
I'll work with all my heart,  
And for the sake of my new school,  
I'll try to make me smart.

My uniform will be just right,  
No jewelry I'll wear,  
And whatever work is to be done,  
I'll try to do my share,

I'll keep my spirits high  
As every student should,  
And no matter what the temptations are,  
I'll try hard to be good.

For I am proud to now belong  
And to obey the rule,  
Of my new chosen learning place  
The Study School.

JOYCE BLOND —Middle V.



## SIGNS OF SPRING ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

It was a dull morning in the beginning of April, and I was trudging to school with a worried look as well as a heavy school-bag. The snow had been disappearing lately and the temperature was wavering in the forties. The cat that came to visit us in the summer, had stopped coming when winter spread its cold white blanket on the ground, but now I saw him strolling over the road to meet me.

I looked down, because suddenly I had stepped on something soft. I saw to my surprise that practically all the worms in the ground had taken it into their heads to go out onto the pavement! From then I began to realize that Spring was coming and that it was no time to be gloomy, so I looked around more cheerfully and found out that while I had been worrying about school and examinations the tiny wee buds on the trees had been shaking off their brown coats and the crocuses were beginning to peep through the earth. Just then a robin hopped over the grass and cocked his head at me, then when I moved he came towards me a little, eying me suspiciously like a half tame squirrel. I stopped again and watched him a minute, then I said to myself, "Oho, its these worms he's after, not me!" So I picked up one of the worms and held it out to him. He looked at it, took a step forward and looked again, evidently his greed and his caution were having a fight but his greed won, and he approached stealthily. I kept still as stone so as not to frighten him and eventually he plucked up all the courage he could muster, grabbed the worm in his beak and flew away to eat it. I looked at my watch, and oh horrors! It was quarter to nine, I would be late for school!

LESLIE GRAY—*Upper III.*



## BOOKS

It is interesting to see how many different people can be brought together by a book. For instance every Friday afternoon I go to a meeting at the Montreal Children's Library. Many children sit around a fireplace and hear stories and read books.

There are two Japanese children that find English a hard language to speak, yet they like the same books as I do. There is a Russian girl, and a little German boy. Some of the children are French and some are Polish but they all like the same books.

By going to the library I have learned to love books. Now I spend my pocket money on my books. Mummy says that that is a good thing, for now I do not buy candy and other useless things.

I have quite a collection of books now, but I find it difficult to have books and a brother too. As Peter loves to read he looks for books in my bookcase. He treats some badly, and I spend a lot of time mending the battered covers. It does not seem to matter how many times I tell him to be careful, he will not pay any attention at all. I can scarcely wait until he is old enough to go to the library and get his own books!

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS,  
*Lower III.*

## STUDENT TRIP TO EUROPE 1950

Last summer, thousands of penny-pinching students overran Western Europe, much to the surprise of local inhabitants and (we hope) the improvement of international goodwill. With a friend from college I was lucky enough to join this horde, visiting Scandinavia on a tour arranged by the U.S. National Student Association, which provides low-cost dormitory space on chartered ships for students travelling on tours or individually.

When we boarded the *Gen. Ballou* in New York we hardly expected to hear lectures on Existentialism or the British Health program, or to learn such handy phrases as "What is the price?" in German or Serbo-Croat. In an atmosphere of breezy informality we went to language classes, square dances, movies and even round-table discussions led by faculty members from various universities. The children's playroom, converted into a newspaper office, turned out two mimeographed daily editions amid scenes of hectic activity. On the fourth of July and Dominion Day we enjoyed two patriotic revues, one of which was presented by a large group of Canadians travelling on scholarships to an International Student Seminar in France. Our ten days afloat were interesting and vigorous, and we noted a wan look on the faces of ship's officers when we docked at Rotterdam.

Our small group spent thirty-six hours in Holland, during which we travelled from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, toured the large harbor and old canals of that city, and visited the famous Rijksmuseum to hear a lecture on Dutch art. In Holland as elsewhere we were under the wing of local students, who left us plenty of free time to buy fine Dutch chocolates, stroll along narrow cobbled streets beside canals, and converse with our guides. Holland is apparently struggling to recover from the war in the face of severe over-population, but these problems were not easy to grasp from our quick glance at busy, sunny cities.

We flew from Amsterdam to Copenhagen, a luxurious trip at student prices equal to third class train fare. The next two days were a blur of activity as we crossed Sweden on a night train, spent a hectic day in wealthy Stockholm, and reached Finland on another overnight boat, looking and feeling somewhat weary. In spite of this, the next two weeks in different parts of Finland were perhaps the most interesting part of our trip. Americans are rare in these parts, and we were greeted by town officials, interviewed by newshawks, and shown through factories, many of which were sadly turning out products to meet the huge Russian war reparations bill. In each area we stayed with Finnish students and their families, adding pounds at generous meals stressing home-baked bread, potatoes and hams. At least one member of the household usually spoke English (as well as Swedish and German) but we spent a wonderful week on a farm where a large, friendly and incredulous family tried to teach us basic Finnish. They also watched our occasional attempts at pitching hay with kindly tolerance, and took us to a local "Sauna", the Finnish steam bath that leaves you feeling limp for hours.

A sinister touch marked our train trip from Helsinki to the port of embarkation for Sweden. Less than an hour from the capital we halted at the border of the mysterious Porkkala zone, a large coastal district under strict Russian control since the Russo-Finnish war, where a large naval base is supposed to exist. Heavy metal screens were screwed over windows and we were locked into our carriages, while a Russian engine crew replaced the Finnish one. The Finns on the train stared as curiously as we did at the three Red Army men who supervised these "security" measures.

We left beleaguered Finland on another Baltic ferry for Stockholm, which offered strong contrasts. Stores bulged with luxury items and the island-filled waters outside the harbor were covered with yachts. However, we had little time to notice any typically Swedish atmosphere before we left for Norway, where we found 'austerity' conditions not unlike those in England.

Our next two weeks were largely spent at an International Student Work Camp in ski lodges on a mountain-top near Oslo. Work being less plentiful there than international students, we spent much time discussing our respective countries, basking in the sun and admiring the wonderful scenery.

This was interesting, but three of us decided to leave a few days ahead of schedule in an attempt to see other parts of Norway. Our trip to Bergen by train and "auto-stop" (hitch-hiking) left us with rolls of exposed film and wonderful memories of snow-capped mountains, misty valleys, and streams of water falling from great heights into blue sea fjords.

From Oslo we returned to Copenhagen, where we spent a few days in suicidal attempts to sight-see on bicycles. Hiring three decrepit machines we joined the thousands of businessmen, white-collar workers and even flower vendors peddling expertly at high speeds through the old city.

After a shattering moment with one of the latter we gave up and boarded a bus to visit Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, a great disappointment to those of us who had seen Sir Lawrence Olivier's film. (The sun shone cheerfully on copper rooftops and mellow bricks, the rooms inside were downright cosy, and there wasn't a grim battlement in sight). We also were able to see a little of the lush and peaceful Danish countryside before our group split up in various directions for ten days of 'free time'. We spent ours very pleasantly in France and Switzerland before rejoining our ship at Rotterdam with bulging suitcases and slim pocketbooks.

Anyone who is trying to think up inexpensive ways of visiting Europe this year should write the N.S.A. Travel Office at Hotel Woodstock, 127 West 43rd Street, New York, for general information. In spite of unsettled conditions, it seems clear that bigger and better ships will carry even larger numbers of students overseas this year. They will not travel in luxury but will certainly see more, and enjoy themselves more, than most other members of the tourist species in Europe today.

NANCY BIGNELL,  
*Sixth Form 1945-46.*



## SHOES

Two little shoes in the cupboard  
Waiting for two little feet  
Said the two little shoes to each other,  
"We look so prim and neat."

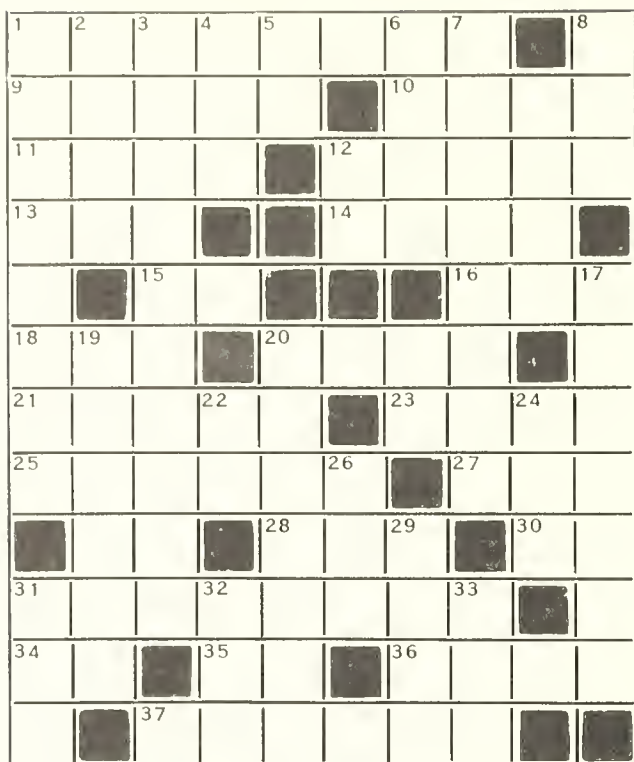
One little girl comes looking around,  
"Where are my shoes?" she cried,  
"Here we are", said the two little shoes  
"Right here side by side."

Two little shoes on a dear little lass,  
Their bows are tied and look so neat.  
Out they go dancing on to the grass,  
The two little shoes on the two little feet.

CAROL GRIMSGAARD—*Upper II.*



## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



DOROTHY McINTOSH, ELIZABETH VALL, Middle V.

## DIARY OF A ROBIN

*April 20th* I have just come back to Montreal from California. I have made a friend already. Her name is Sally Sparrow. My nest is still in the The Study classroom of Miss Wray.

*April 21st.* I have fixed my nest and I am waiting for my husband to come so he can sing his song called "Spring".

*April 22nd:* My husband has come and has composed a new song.

*April 23rd:* Today I was chased by a big cat. My husband nipped the cat's leg and it ran away.

*April 24th:* We did not get much peace today because of Miss Wray's children. They like to hear my husband sing.

*April 25th:* Mrs. Jamieson gives us food every day and today she gave us suet.

*April 26th:* Today my diary is full, so good-bye!

LINDA NICKERSON,  
Upper A, 9 years old.

### ACROSS

1. Political contests; a series of military operations in a war.
9. A notice of approaching danger.
10. No score for one of the sides.
11. An ornamental fabric.
12. Not at any time.
13. To inquire.
14. A swarm of --
15. A preposition.
16. Mountain (abbr. fr.).
18. A house for the lodging of travelers.
20. The common Roman people (abbr.).
21. Distinction or honour given to persons.
23. A small hair on plants or animals.
25. A wealthy farmer (in fental times).
27. Past part. of verb "to run".
28. Never stand when you can --.
30. A state (abbr.).
31. Any kind of carriage or conveyance (Pl.).
34. Adverb and conjunction meaning 'similarly' or 'while'.
35. A negation.
36. Each one of a stated number.
37. Joining.

### DOWN

- 1) Disaster.
- 2) An exclamation.
- 3) A raincoat.
- 4) Prefix meaning 'before'.
- 5) Before noon (abbr)
- 6) Merriment mirth.
- 7) A month of the year.
- 8) Prefix meaning 'through'.
- 12) Note (abbr.).
- 17) A language.
- 19) Relations.
- 20) The legume of the pea.
- 22) Two consecutive letters in the alphabet.
- 24) A sailor.
- 26) A negation.
- 29) Adolescent
- 32) Indiana (abbr.).
- 33) To subside under pressure.

# WHY IS THE WORLD MY NEIGHBOUR ?

(PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST PRIZE)

Twenty centuries ago the disciples of the greatest man who ever lived asked him the question: Who is my neighbour? And he replied by telling them the story of the good Samaritan, probably one of the best known stories in the world.

Before the dawn of history as we know it, one of the earliest members of the human race, having killed his brother, tried to defend his crime by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In this way it is possible to see that man's relationship to his fellow man has always been a matter of concern to thoughtful people.

Who is my neighbour? Upon the right answer to this question which has been echoing down through the ages depends not only man's happiness, but, with the arrival of this atomic age, his very survival.

At the end of the nineteenth century Jules Verne wrote a book entitled, "Eighty Days around the World", in which his hero circled the world in the incredible time of eighty days! The people were convinced that this would never happen, yet today, only half a century later, it is possible to circle the world in eighty hours. Nowadays, with the help of radio, telephone and telegraph there is hardly any place on the globe that cannot be reached within a matter of minutes. Similarly, in early days, when barter was used and no money existed, it was quite possible for communities to live unto themselves and the services of an international bank were not required in order to swap a cow for a pair of goats. But today nations must find world markets for their products in order to have money with which to buy from others the things which they themselves cannot produce.

In order to comprehend world conditions Mr. Wendell Wilkie travelled around the world visiting different races and nations and summarizing his conclusions as follows: "The net impression of my trip was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them. If I had ever had any doubts that the world has become small and completely interdependent this trip would have dispelled them altogether."

I was recently privileged to spend two months travelling in England and on the continent with my family, and when visiting the wartorn countries of Europe it was pointed out to me how every much in need of each other's assistance they are. One country exports glass, while another is famed for its timber. With these and other resources they are gradually rebuilding their strength, but they must stick together. Although these countries would undoubtedly profit by the plan suggested by Winston Churchill to have a United States of Europe, their foolish pride and age-old prejudices prevent them from accepting this sensible suggestion.

Despite this we see signs that nations are beginning to learn how closely they are related to one another. In an unprecedented gesture of generosity the United States, following the last war, gave away in financial aid to enemies as well as friends, the staggering sum of twelve billion dollars for the re-habilitation of war-torn countries, through the Marshall Aid plan. This magnanimous gesture has been termed "enlightened self-interest", showing that we are at last beginning to understand the truth of the statement. "The world is my neighbour".

However, we still have much to learn. Even in this modern age people are deeply prejudiced. We see shocking examples of this prejudice in the Southern states where negroes are deprived of full privileges. In our own city not so long ago a social service worker was visiting a Jewish home where a small child of five inquired, "Are you a Jewess, Mrs. Clarke?" When the answer came in the negative the youngster replied wistfully, "Gee, you're lucky! I wish I wasn't!" Is it not a shocking state of affairs that we should allow prejudice to shadow the life of such a tiny child?

The ties that bind us all are great and whether we like it or not the world is our neighbour. We cannot escape this fact. We must learn that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." Let us act as though we *believe* it!

ANN POWELL, Middle V.

### THINGS I'D LIKE TO BE

I'd like to be a ballet dancer  
And dance upon my toes.  
I'd like to be a fancy skater  
That everybody knows,  
But Mother says piano  
Is what I have to learn.  
So I guess I'll have to practice  
Before I get a turn.

DIANA JOHNSON,  
Upper A, Age 9.

### THE FUNNY CLOWN

There was a clown in a circus,  
he had a monkey. There were a lot of  
lions and a tiger. There were twelve  
elephants and twelve horses. They were  
all so happy except the clown. He had  
lost his monkey. His monkey's name  
was Peter. He looked everywhere. At  
last he found his monkey in a car, sleep-  
ing. They were very happy to be  
together again!!

LESLEY McMARTIN,  
Lower A, Age 8.

### THE LITTLE DUCK

I have a little duck and he loved me very much. I love  
him very much still.

CAROLYN STRAUSS,  
Lower B, Age 6.

### CHAMPLAIN

Down the lane  
Walked Champlain,  
Into the wood  
Where Indians stood.  
He was going to fight  
With all his might,  
He had a sword  
Trimmed with gold cord.

FREDDIE ARCHER,  
Lower A, Age 7½.

### A POEM

I'm sorry to say  
It's a very wet day  
Much too wet  
To go out to play.

SANDRA HERRON,  
Upper B, Age 6.

### ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	C	2	A	3	M	4	P	5	A	6	I	7	G	8	N	9	P
9	A	10	L	11	A	12	R	13	M	14	L	15	O	16	V	17	E
11	L	12	A	13	C	14	E	15	N	16	E	17	V	18	E	19	R
13	A	14	S	15	K	16	B	17	E	18	E	19	S	20		21	
	M		15	I	N				16	M	T	17	S				
18	I	19	N	20	N	21	P	22	L	23	E	24	B	25	P		
21	T	22	I	23	T	24	L	25	E	26	S	27	E	28	T	29	A
25	Y	26	E	27	O	28	M	29	A	30	N	31	R	32	A	33	N
		C	S		S	I	T		R	I							
31	V	32	E	33	H	34	I	35	C	36	L	37	E	38	S	39	S
34	A	35	S	36	N	37	O	38	E	39	A	40	C	41	H		
	T		A		D		D		I		N		G				





## THE STUDY OLD GIRLS ASSOCIATION

As usual the SOGA is well represented at colleges and other schools of learning. The following girls are attending McGill University:

Anne Armstrong  
Pat Carson  
Frances Currie  
Eleanor Lindsay  
Elizabeth Marshall  
Katherine Mason  
Jane Ramsay  
Margery Root

Pamela Smart  
Elizabeth Burgess  
Ann Bushell  
Martha Fisher  
Patsy MacDermot  
Jane McCarthy  
Sylvia Ponder  
Marigold Savage

Mary Anne Currie  
Mary Horne  
Prudence Lobley  
Joanna McLeod  
Mary Cerny  
Virginia Govier  
Zoe Southam  
Gerda Thomas.

Mary Fisher is also at McGill studying medicine. Elizabeth Hastings is enrolled at the University of Dalhousie, while Joan Ashby is out at MacDonald, Frances Morris is attending Bart College in New York, and Grace Raymond is at Knox College. Elizabeth Parkin is at the University of London and Margaret Little and Shirley McCall are doing graduate work at McGill. Eleanor Lindsay who is in the School of Physiotherapy has been elected president of their Undergraduate Society.

Art is still a very popular occupation. Joan Cumine and Shirley Wales are at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and Barbara Miller is at the Art Gallery. Sandra Ogilvie is studying abroad in Paris, and Jill Crossen is at the School of Fine Arts in Boston, and she and Lucy Hodgson intend to travel in Europe this summer.

Also included in our list of students is Nancy Ridout who is taking a business course and three prospective nurses at the Royal Victoria Hospital—Claire Fitzgerald, Sally McDougall and Joan Timmins.

Many of our Old Girls have strayed far from Canada. Sheila (Mercer) Hollies has moved to Washington where her husband is doing research work; Frances (Barnes) Beardmore is about to set forth for Boston for a year; Charlotte Butler is now married and settled in Cambridge, Mass.; Deirdre Methuen is living in England; Phyllis (Bronfman) Lambert is now a New Yorker; Doreen (Stanford) Steeves is in Edmonton; Pauline (Little) Bates and her husband are moving to New York for a year; Mary (Fry) Wang lives in Brockville; Marion (Savage) Baker is in England; Althea (Morris) Car-Harris is living in Oakville, Ont., and Dorothea (Hamilton) Cunningham is in Peru.

There have also been many engagements, marriages and births during the past year. Among the recent births we have:

To Elizabeth (Hopkins) Johnson, a son  
To Daphne (Fairbairn-Smith) Dixon, a daughter  
To Angela (Mckenzie) Ferguson, a daughter  
To Beatrice (Noseworthy) Murphy, a daughter  
To Percival (Mackenzie) Ritchie, a son  
To Isabelle (McGill) Cameton, a son  
To Joan (Mason) Dougherty, a son  
To Sheila (Clarkson) Flintoft, a son  
To Joan (Notman) McDougall, a son  
To Cynthia (Landry) Churchil-Smith, a son  
To Madeleine (Pearsons) Roussil, a son

The following engagements have recently been announced:

Joan Bronson to Kenneth Brown  
Pat Carson to John Claxton  
Nonie Cronyn to John Wilson  
Rosemary Grier to Arthur Irvine  
Eve Osler to George Hampson  
Barbara Tidmarsh to John Weyman  
Eleanor Lindsay to James Jarret  
Priscilla Loblely to Maurice Evans  
Mary Hanson to Major Allen Boswell  
Jean Rutherford to W. J. Stauble

Included in the marriage list of the past year are:

Patricia Brophy to James Prendergast  
Linda Hodgson to John Hale  
Margot McDougall to Albert Cloutier  
Dorothy Walter to Melville Simpson  
Marionie Wiggs to Keith Gould  
Nancy Todd to Robert Fowle  
Madeleine Stevens to Charles Léger  
Gwen Marler to Rupert Harris  
Sheila Beaton to Alexander Wright  
Louise Marler to Norman Kirkland  
Julia Mackenzie to Hamilton Fish  
Roslyn Robertson to William King  
Janet Gilmour to Robert Bourne

There are of course many Old Girls employed in various types of business. Among them we have Joan Bronson, who is with Eatons, and Nonie Cronyn, who is doing physiotherapy at the Western Division of the Montreal General Hospital. Mary Hugessen is an investigator in the Civil Service Commission, Barbara Heward is working in the Bessborough Laboratories of the Royal Victoria Hospital; Nancy McGill is in the Department of Cardiology at the Children's Memorial; Louise Macfarlane is doing social work in England; Audrey MacDermot is busy with interior decorating; Mary Lee Putnam is in biochemical research at the Allan Memorial; Kay Root, June Marler and Mary Hanson are working in insurance offices; Doon McMurtry is at the Westmount City Hall; Joan Moffitt is teaching at Roslyn; Adrienne Brown is working for the Sun Life and Bryony Plant, Sally Matthews, Margaret Notman, and Barbara MacLean are with the Red Cross. Peggy (Davis) Porter and her sister Diana have returned from England. Peggy's husband, Lieut.-Comm. H. A. Porter, R.C.N., is now an officer on the Magnificent, and they make their home in Halifax. Miriam Tees has taken the library course at McGill this year.





